

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

- LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE, 730 Broadway.—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.—LA BONNEMUSE. Matinee at 2.
- WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 12th street.—Two Boxes.
- NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—LITTLE NELL AND THE MACHINISTS. Matinee at 2.
- GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of Eighth avenue and 8th st.—OPERA HOUSE.—LE PETIT FAUTOT. Matinee at 2.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 11th street.—JANUSCHKEK AND MARY SEEBACH. Matinee.
- WOOD'S THEATRE, Broadway, corner 30th st.—Performances every afternoon and evening.
- OLYMPIA THEATRE, Broadway.—THE FANTOMAS O' WEE WILKIE. Matinee at 2.
- BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—NEW YORK BURGLARS.—THE HOUSE-THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT.
- FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth st.—MAN AND WIFE. Matinee at 2.
- BROTHLYN THEATRE, 3rd st. between 6th and 6th ave.—KIP VAN WINKLE. Matinee at 2.
- NEW YORK STADT THEATRE, 45 Bowery.—GRAND GERMAN OPERA OF THE HUGENOTS.
- FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE (Theatre Francaise).—Matinee at 2—JANE EYRE.
- GLOBE THEATRE, 328 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.—LEONORA BORGIA. M. D. Matinee at 2.
- MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—A ROMANCE OF THE RUIN.
- TONY PATTON'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2.
- THEATRE COMIQUE, 814 Broadway.—OMIO VOCALIST. Matinee at 2.
- SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 225 Broadway.—NEEDS MINSTREL, FANDER, BURLEQUEST, &c.
- KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS. No. 905 Broadway.—THE ONLY LION—SWEETEST OF WILLIAMS, &c.
- HOOVER'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—NEEDS MINSTREL, FANDER, BURLEQUEST, &c.
- BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE.—WELSH, HUGHES & WHITE MINSTRELS—VIRGINIA PASTIMES, &c.
- BROOKLYN ATHLETIC, corner of Atlantic and Clinton st.—DR. CORRIE'S GREAT DIAPHRAGM OF LIVERLAND.
- ASSOCIATION HALL, 23d street and 4th ave.—Matinee.—GRAND CONCERT.
- NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—BOXES IN THE RING, ACROBATS, &c. Matinee at 2.
- AMERICAN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.—EMPIRE BUILDING, Third avenue and Sixty-third street.
- NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 63 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.
- DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 745 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Saturday, October 15, 1870.

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A CANARD.—The pigeon that brought the news that the siege of Paris had been raised and that old King Wilhelm was heading for Wilhelmshöhe.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.—We published the letter of Jules Favre detailing his conversations with Count Bismarck on the question of peace in the HERALD on Wednesday. This morning we furnish our readers with the full text of Bismarck's reply.

CHAMPAGNE SHORT, CIDER ABUNDANT.—If the German invasion and armed occupation of France have made sad havoc in the champagne depots and vineyards the enormous apple crop of this season throughout the United States will meet the deficiency of genuine champagne in the cider substitute, which is almost as good as the real article.

THE FRENCH BLOCKADE OF THE ELBE and the Weser rivers has been resumed, and in consequence the departure of the German steamer Weser from this port has been delayed. The Germans can hardly expect to keep both ends of their ocean lines open while they are at war with France.

THE PENSION ROLLS of the War Department contain the names of twelve widows of revolutionary soldiers, each over one hundred years of age. Of these relics of the Revolution two have reached the ripe age of 117 years; another, a resident of Ohio, counts nine years over a century, and her son is a promising lad of eighty-seven.

THE TEHUANTEPEC CANAL survey is soon to be an accomplished fact. The United States steamers Kansas and Mayflower sailed from Fort Monroe yesterday with the parties appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to make the survey of the Tehuantepec isthmus, and within a few months probably the problem of a ship canal uniting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will be solved.

STREET CASUALTIES.—The community would be alarmed at reading a complete summary of the street casualties to which reckless driving exposes the men, women and children of this metropolis during a single year. The knocking down and running over of the wife of ex Judge Roosevelt on Thursday by a hack, the brutal driver of which whipped up his horses and escaped, is but one case in the multitude of such cases which should excite popular indignation. Why cannot the laws which prohibit reckless driving in the city streets be rigidly enforced?

The War in France—Prospects of a Winter Campaign—The Duty of the Neutral Powers.

While the condition of France becomes more and more desperate, while Metz is in her last agony, and while Paris is strong only with that hope which is begotten of despair, it is gratifying to learn that Bismarck has made it known to the leading Powers of Europe that he is willing to listen to the voice of the mediator. This intelligence comes from a correspondent at Versailles. There is no good reason known to us why this report should be doubted. It is our belief that Bismarck has no desire to prolong the war if a satisfactory peace can be arranged. After reading the address of Jules Favre to his colleagues—an address which had in it more of patriotic sentiment than of wisdom or practical common sense—we did think that Jules Favre made a grand mistake, not to use a stronger term, when he refused to accede to an armistice on the terms which Bismarck, with the full consent of King William, was willing to grant. Considering the actual situation of affairs, it does not seem to us that Bismarck was unreasonable when he offered to grant an armistice of fifteen or twenty days, thus giving the Constituent Assembly ample time to meet and deliberate in Tours, on condition that the provisional government should permit the forces of Germany to occupy Strasbourg, Phalsbourg and Toul. The first demand—a demand based on the assumption that the Constituent Assembly would meet in Paris; that Mont St. Valerien, or some other fort of equal importance near Paris, should, in addition to Strasbourg, Phalsbourg and Toul, be surrendered—was very properly resented by Jules Favre and wisely abandoned by Bismarck. But the terms to which Bismarck finally consented, and which we have already stated, were, in the circumstances, reasonable, honorable. If Jules Favre had been a wiser man than he is he would, conditionally at least, have accepted them, and used his influence with his colleagues to bring about an armistice. It was natural for the members of the provisional government to justify the conduct of Jules Favre; but if his conduct had been different its justification by his colleagues would have been just as natural and perhaps a little more easy.

As the situation now is France is in a worse plight than ever. Since the famous interview of the two Ministers Strasbourg has fallen, and to all appearances nothing but a miracle, a direct interposition of Providence, can save either Metz or Paris. The prolongation of the war is but the prolongation of destruction, of misery, of torture, of agony. Metz is doomed, Paris is doomed, and in spite of French chivalry, which is entitled to all praise, every stronghold in the kingdom must fall if this war continues. Jules Favre cannot now obtain easier terms than Bismarck offered at Ferrières. It is a question whether he can obtain terms so easy. At the same time it is not to be denied, bad as is the prospect for France, bright as is the prospect for Prussia, that there are reasons on the side of Prussia as well as on the side of France why the prolongation of this war should be deemed undesirable. Paris, although she is bound in the long run to bow to fate, may hold out long enough to make the German armies very uncomfortable in France. The winter is approaching; and winter in the North and Northeast of France is far from comfortable to an army encamped in the open fields. Then, again, provisions are becoming scarce. Six hundred thousand German soldiers are feeding upon France. While they feed they destroy. The territory now occupied is already laid waste. It is possible for the German hordes to push their south; but in proportion as they push south they weaken their line of communication and expose themselves to attack in the rear. We cannot deny that the conditions are somewhat different, but it is not at all impossible that, if this war is prolonged, it may be the necessity of Prussia to beat from the soil of France as hasty and as ignominious a retreat as the soldiers of France once did beat from the frozen regions of the North. In any event it is undeniable that Prussia as well as France has fearfully exhausted herself. It will require many years in both countries to fill up the gaps which this war has made in men and treasure. A whole generation of Germans, a whole generation of Frenchmen have been swept away. Prussia—the whole of Germany, in fact—has incurred a debt which will weigh heavily upon them for ages to come. It is the same with France. In addition to all this the civilized world cries out loudly against the continuance of the war. It has lasted long enough. France is sufficiently humiliated. Prussia has won sufficient glory. All these things taken into account, it is gratifying to know that Bismarck has expressed himself as willing to entertain proposals from the great Powers.

Again we must repeat, whatever be the truth of this report, the door seems to be open for intervention. If Prussia is willing to make peace France ought to do so. One thing the great Powers can do—and this is the one thing which requires to be done—they can become responsible for the provisional government. If France is willing they can guarantee the fulfillment of any promise which the provisional government may make. Let them join together. Let them speak out manfully and insist on peace. Let them make the question as between France and Prussia at this stage their own. If Great Britain and Russia and Austria were to unite at this stage, and recommend an armistice, it is our conviction that the war would end, and that Paris would be saved, while Prussia would not be robbed of the fruit of her conquests. If this war lasts until winter has fully set in—if 1870 repeats the horrors of 1812, it will be a disgrace to our modern civilization, and the great Powers of Europe, if they do not once again interpose their good offices to make an end of hostilities, will be lastingly to blame. Let them make one grand united effort. If they fail the blame will not be theirs.

GENERAL GRANT'S NEUTRALITY POLICY has been illustrated in another proclamation, and his warnings this time are evidently intended for the Cubans and the Fenians. The General sticks to his motto—"Let us have peace." But what is his Cuban policy? We cannot tell. We are waiting to hear from General Sickles, for we suspect that he is doing something on Cuba.

The War—The Grand Sortie at Paris.

It is cheering news for France that we publish to-day. While the confident Germans in Berlin are getting ready for a grand celebration of the entry of the Prussian army into Paris the beleaguered force has suddenly discomfited the besiegers to such an extent that it is rendered extremely doubtful if they ever enter Paris as a conquering army. All the forts about Paris opened on the Prussian works on Wednesday with a terrible rain of iron that demolished all their defensive works or batteries in reach. The guns that were to have opened upon Paris found Paris open upon them. All around the entire investing line a most destructive bombardment told with deadly effect; and at the last word that we have received from the siege the Prussian line had been driven so far back that it must be drawn out to a fine wire to complete the circumvallation. The batteries that were at Gennevilliers, and thence commanded the northern part of the city of Paris, and could with guns of long range have dropped shell into the Parc Monceaux, or even within a block of the Tuileries have been compelled to take refuge from the shot of the hostile guns of Aubervilliers and Châtillon, away back as far to the rear as Denil, three miles farther from Paris; on the eastern side the positions at Boulogny, Champsigny and Creteil and the heights of Avron have been captured and occupied by the French, the Prussians being driven as far back as the forest of Bondy; on the south Villejuif, Cachan, Clamart and Meudon, whence the shells of the besiegers were to have pierced the walls of the Luxembourg Palace, have been reclaimed, and on the west the works at St. Cloud and for four miles in every direction have been demolished by the dreadful fire from Fort Mont Valerien, and the investing troops have been driven back to Versailles. The sweeping bombardment from this immense fort—the fort, too, which Bismarck is reported to have demanded—is said to have swept away the works of the Prussian engineers like chaff before the wind. Under the cover of a distracting fire from all the defensive works of Paris General Trochu made the sortie. From the meagre outlines that our despatches furnish us we cannot say what his numbers or his exact manoeuvres were. It is evident, however, that the most desperate and heroic charge of the war was made, and that the French bayonet won such honor as it has not won since the days of the Old Guard. We will receive the details probably to-day or to-morrow, and when they come they will doubtless tell a tale of heroism, of prompt action, and what is of most importance now to France—of sound generalship, that will cheer the heart of the new republic and make King William quake in his boots.

The consequences of this gallant victory can hardly be overrated. It thrusts the investing line so far back that the circumference over which it must spread itself now to invest Paris is expanded by nearly eighteen miles, and its lines must necessarily be drawn out almost to the thinness of a thread to cut off all communication. It deprives the Prussian army of those breastworks and defences which it had so carefully erected, and it must erect new ones, retake the old ones or remain exposed to a fortified foe. It defeats entirely, or at least postpones for a long time to come, the proposed bombardment of Paris, on which the besiegers had depended to force an early capitulation. It gives the French possession of the heights at Clamart, Villejuif, St. Cloud and Avron, which were taken by the Prussians originally only after a hard struggle. It will cheer and inspire the garrison in Paris to renewed hope and still more desperate efforts, and it will entice the masses in the provinces to a hearty answer to the call for volunteers. It may not demoralize the Prussian troops except for the moment. They have been too used to victory and they are too well disciplined and experienced in war to suffer demoralization from one disaster; but it will encourage the disaffected masses at home in Germany, already sick and tired of the war, to renewed demands for peace—demands that Bismarck has as great reason to dread as the persistent resistance of his enemy.

General Trochu by this brilliant sortie has shown himself to be the general that the republic needs. He timed his movement well, in order to aid the efforts of the Army of the Loire at Orleans. He had not probably heard of the defeat of that army, but he knew that it was on the way to strike a blow for him, and that the forces confronting him had been weakened in order to protect their rear. It may have been this weakening of the line that enabled him to achieve the success of Wednesday. He has shown such generalship that we may trust him to follow up his success. He will strike another blow and another. He will not let victory grow cold in his hands.

We may expect at once to hear of a general recall of the Prussian troops who have been frittering away their strength against the detached fortresses of the north and northeast. The Prussians at Beaugency, below Orleans, have already withdrawn, and the heavy forces that have been threatening Rouen, Mezieres, and even the army that has been moving southward on Lyons may be called upon to assist directly in the reduction of Paris. On the other hand, the grand sortie of Wednesday will at last fire the French heart. We may expect to hear of renewed energy among the armies fighting in the south, the north and the west. Gambetta, in a stirring proclamation, has already published the news of the victory broadcast over the country, and French enthusiasm exalts itself. That which all the stirring proclamations in the world could not have accomplished with France—dejected, hopeless and shorn of her military prestige—will spring into existence at the first revival of hope and military success and glory.

THE RED MEN ARE COMING.—Fifty-one Indians have lately been naturalized as citizens of the United States at St. Paul, Minn. It strikes us that this naturalization of native Americans is superfluous; but at all events the red men are coming to the ballot box with the black men and the white men. Next we shall have the Mongolians, "the heathen Chinese," or, in other words, the yellow men. And why not? White, black, red and yellow men, let them come. But the women? Let the women "tarry at Jericho till their beards be grown."

Jerome Park To-Day.

This morning many a heart will beat high with joyous anticipation of a delightful day to close the sporting pleasures for the autumn season of the American Jockey Club. Favored with enchanting weather at its spring meeting, that dashing society of gay and gallant gentlemen has suffered the drawback of clouded skies and heavy roads in October. But, judging hopefully by the bracing coolness and pure serenity of the atmosphere at the late hour when these lines are written, we may fairly anticipate that the last day of "the races" will be charming. In another column will be found the programme of the technical business on hand, and our readers cannot fail to acknowledge its attractive interest and variety.

But it is in still another light that we would for a moment consider an occasion which brings together so dazzling an array of the beauty and fashion, the distinction and refinement of the metropolis, and, indeed, of our sister States and cities, amid some of the loveliest landscapes and pleasantest associations of the Continent. Jerome Park with us has a far more comprehensive meaning. While it yields to few, if any, similar scenes of genuine "sport" in the world, it is looked upon by our best people as a place of delightful friendly contact. The rural attractions of "Old Westchester"—our New York Canaan—the dashing drives that lead to it; the groves in their autumnal pomp; the meadows, still verdant and smiling; the winding rivers and the horizon of picturesque hills enclosing the steeped and turreted panorama of the great city and its environs, still assert their power over the gravest of us who love to steal a brief respite from study and care, as they do over the brightest youthful fancies and the merriest hearts. Happy, healthful influences spring from this lightsome interchange of kindly greetings, this pressure of neighborly hands, and the stir of the blood, at once refreshed and warmed by the crisp October breezes and quickened in pulsation by the exercise of the day's journeying and the interest of the races. Then, Jerome Park is the haunt of such company only as, all the world over, are known by the simple yet eloquent title of true ladies and true gentlemen, and, from the "track" to the "grand stand," and from the "grand stand" to the palatial club house, the most fastidious cars is taken to banish everything that might offend good taste.

We doubt not, then, that to-day will people the amphitheatre of the lovely valley that encircles the laughing retreat of our American Jockey Club with joyous throngs—some assembled for the excitement of the contest; some brought together by the social spell; some basking in the beauties of the surrounding landscapes—these happy with their friends and neighbors, those looking at nature with familiar glances, and weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

The Empress Eugenie, Bourbaki and Bazaine.

Public attention has been attracted to the mysterious mission of General Bourbaki to the Empress of France, and several stories have been circulated concerning its real object. From the various rumors and reports there still seems to be some uncertainty about the manner in which he managed to secure the interview, as well as the purpose it was intended to accomplish. Some reports stated that he escaped from Metz, and others that he was permitted to pass out and to proceed on his mission by the Prussians. Still other reports inform us that he has had interviews with both the Emperor and the Empress. The latest and apparently most accurate explanation of the matter is that at the urgent solicitation of Eugenie, who was allowed to send a messenger to Metz, Bazaine despatched Bourbaki, by permission of the Prussians, to confer with her as Regent of France touching the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty after the re-establishment of peace. It is said that when he arrived at Chislehurst she told him that she wished him to take charge of the Prince Imperial and conduct him to Metz, where he should remain until the time came for completing arrangements for peace on the basis of the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, the abdication of the Emperor and the succession of the Prince as Napoleon the Fourth, with herself as Regent. It is added that Bourbaki refused to do so, and informed her that no French army would tolerate the presence of the son of the captive Emperor. As the finale of this curious and touching scene we are told that the Empress burst into tears, Bourbaki returned to Metz, and Bazaine, who was highly indignant at her proposal, sent a report of the story to the republican government at Tours.

Whatever the exact object of the mission may have been it is most probable that it had some reference to the perpetuation of the Napoleonic dynasty. It is only natural that Eugenie, at her retreat in England, contemplating with touching sadness the misfortunes that have fallen on her house, having no adequate idea of the temper of the people and the real situation of affairs in France, but impelled by ambition and the natural feelings of a mother, should employ every means within her influence to secure to the Prince Imperial the crown which his father lost. The number of canards that have been circulated lately with reference to the ultimate succession of the Prince shows that imperialist intrigues have been pointing to that end. The scheme is eminently Napoleonic, and it is very likely that the Emperor himself, whose greatest solicitude during the last few years of his reign was for the preservation of his dynasty after his death, has been the most active in this matter. But it is folly for any one to imagine that the fallen dynasty can now, if indeed it ever can, be restored to France. It was Napoleon who led the nation into the humiliating position in which it stands to-day, and an indignant people would not give the reins of power to one who is the representative of the ruler who brought them to the present pass. No. The French will try a republic, and in the experiment we wish them all success.

"JACK FROST" is reported as having returned in almost every section of the country. He is welcome, considering that "Yellow Jack" clears out on his approach, and that all his tribe of malarial fevers are dispersed with the return of honest "Jack Frost."

The Old City of Orleans.

The invading Germans, under General von der Tann, occupied the city of Orleans on Tuesday evening last, after a battle desperately waged, from nine o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, according to the testimony of King William himself. Such a struggle revives the chivalric recollections of that ancient city's history and the memory of the "Maid of Domremy," whose name became still more illustrious, when associated with Orleans, after she had surprised the Burgundians, raised the siege of the old stronghold, rescued the fortunes of the Dauphin Charles, afterward crowned at Rheims, with her standing beside him, and so fulfilled the old prophecy that "France lost by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria) should be saved by a virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine."

Orleans, the chief city of the district, so entitled, capital of the Department of the Loiret and situated on the right bank of the river Loire, about seventy-five miles southwest from Paris, is a place of 50,000 inhabitants. It is the main port and trading centre of the department, and has a fine commerce in wool, hosiery, wines, grain, oils, timber, vinegar, &c., with many extensive tanneries, potteries, spinning mills and manufactories of various kinds.

Its antiquity is notable, the name itself being derived from *Aurelium*, as it was called, after the Roman Emperor Aurelian, who enlarged and embellished it. Besieged successively by Attila, King of the Huns; by Odoacer, King of the Saxons; by the English in 1438, and delivered by the heroine of Vaucouleurs, it was sacked by the Calvinists in 1567, and was again and again beset during the wars of the Fronde and of the Revolution. The Franks, the Northmen and the Goths have all held it in successive ages, and it has been for more than fifteen hundred years the centre of historic intrigues, wars and battles. Enriched with noble libraries, museums, galleries of statuary and painting, majestic public buildings and celebrated churches, in these later days it again echoes to the tread of the Northern invader. Prussian uhlans rein up in front of the statue of Joan of Arc, and the jarring wheels of heavy artillery from beyond the Rhine shake the old houses of Agnes Sorel, of Francis I. and of the fair Diana of Poitiers. But, worse than that humiliation, they send a thrill of apprehension and discouragement through all the rich region of the Loire and the Marne; they menace the lines of Tours and begin the isolation of Paris on the south and west, including her access, in that direction, to her ocean seaports. If it can be held by the stranger its strategic importance is great, since it grasps some of the leading railroad and telegraphic ducts and nerves that connect the blood and brain currents of Northern and Southern France. Nay, more: the days of miracles seem past, and neither saint nor sinner now dares to hope for rescue, in these scolding times, from some new Maid of Orleans. Yet there is eternal force in ancient and hallowed tradition, since thought is the true master of the world. The statue of "Jehanne la Pucelle" may not ride forth on her bonnet steed from the pedestal on the market place, at midnight, like the shade of the Cid Campeador rallying the chivalry of Castile to route the Moor, but the remembrance of her devotion may rearouse the spirit of her countrymen in the very presence of the victor, and make their temporary fall the signal of a far more glorious uprising.

Seebach and Janauschek.

This will be a brilliant day in the record of what promises to be one of the most brilliant dramatic seasons that New York has ever witnessed, even in her palmiest time. While manifold attractions of scenery, costume and artistic effort are held forth to captivate the public in the theatres and halls devoted to native talent, our great city at the same hour enjoys the presence of two most gifted women trained in the highest histrionic schools and on the most celebrated boards of the Old World—Madame Seebach, whose chosen and most successful task it is to embody in living, breathing impersonations the ideals of the best dramatic literary genius of Germany, as well as of other lands and of classic and contemporaneous days, in the language of her own race, and Janauschek, who adds to corresponding gifts the acquisition of the English tongue. The first of these accomplished artists is the very dream of grace, purity, gentleness and womanly emotion that inspired Goethe and Schiller when their muse interpreted the innocent beauty and the heartbreaking sorrows of Gretchen and of Louisa Miller; the other has the grandeur and force of form, the commanding port, the severe Greek contour that absolutely realize before us on the stage the "Medea" and the "Antigone" of the ancient masters of dramatic writing. And here we have them both striving in noble emulation on the American stage and in the highest walks of art. What a conjunction of intellectual stars in one fair firmament! The splendid capitals of Europe may well envy us the fortune that has redoubled our artistic light while half eclipsing theirs.

THE ENGLISH MISSION.—A VACANCY.—As it was understood that Senator Morton, of Indiana, had agreed to accept the mission to England only in the event of the election of a republican Legislature in his State, in the late October elections, in view of a republican to take his place in the United States Senate, and as a democratic Legislature has been elected for Indiana, we dare say that the President will be required to cast about for some new man to relieve Mr. Motley, who is patiently awaiting the arrival of his successor, and that Mr. Hendricks, the democratic favorite of Indiana for the Senate and for the Presidency, will have to wait a little longer.

THE TAMMANY REPUBLICANS, or those fortunate republicans who hold offices under Tammany that pay handsomely and offices in the republican party that cost something to hold, are requested each to give up the one or the other of these offices. Brought to this alternative, Tammany, we think, will win. She has the root of all evil, and that bait catches all kinds of fish.

HEAVY STORMS in England, resulting in great losses of property, are reported by cable. Such appears to be the reaction in the elements from the late long and widely prevailing drought in both hemispheres.

Revival of Dramatic Art in America.

The extraordinary development of the highest order of dramatic art in this country is one of the phases of the times and of our progressive civilization not to be lost sight of. We use the term development of art in the most comprehensive sense. Not only has America given birth to or brought out a number of the finest performers on the stage, such as Booth, Jefferson, Lester Wallack, Walter Montgomery, Miss Agnes Ethel and others, who may be properly called American actors, but it is developing the talents of foreign born artists in a remarkable manner. We refer particularly to two great artists now performing in New York—to Fanny Janauschek and Madame Seebach. Though both came here with a high European reputation, they find among the American people such an appreciation of their merits that new inspiration is given to them, and they rise higher in their art than they attained abroad. Seebach succeeds Janauschek as the best representative in the German drama, and finds encouragement, as her predecessor did, not only among the Germans, but even with Americans as well, who, if they do not understand her language, appreciate her fine acting.

Janauschek, seeing a wider sphere for her extraordinary abilities in this country, and being desirous of identifying herself specially with dramatic art in America, by acting in English, resolved to master our language for that purpose. The result we have seen in her performances at the Academy of Music this week. Many who wished her success, both for the sake of dramatic art here and as a reward for her talents and efforts, doubted that she could be successful. For an artist to learn our difficult language in the course of a little more than a year so that in performing there would be no unpleasant foreign accent, nothing disagreeable to the ear, seemed almost incredible. In fact, it was well remarked that such an achievement would be unprecedented. Yet Janauschek has succeeded. She has become really the first American actress—the first actress in the English language. The critics of the press, without exception, and the enthusiastic audiences which have heard her frankly and generously accord to her this high distinction. And we may well be proud of her as an American actress. Few English actors speak their own language as well as she does, while a foreign accent is rarely perceptible and never disagreeable to the ear. Janauschek will revive, no doubt, the classic drama and a taste for it in English-speaking countries; for her acting is in the highest sense classical. All her attitudes are as beautifully statuesque as the finest models of Greek or Roman art. She thrills us at the same time by her superb eloquence, impassioned and natural declamation and electric power. Looking at the progress this country is making in dramatic art we shall soon be able to supply Europe with artists of the highest order instead of going there for them. In art as well as in material development and social well being this is the country of the future.

The Rumored Approaching Marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

A London telegram announced yesterday that the preliminaries of a marriage between the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, have been arranged with the consent of the Queen. It is considered, in the first place, that the possibility of the Princess's succeeding to the crown is too remote to render such an alliance politically dangerous. And, in the second place, it is supposed that the Queen, sensible a woman as she is, would fain secure to her daughter the inestimable advantages which her Majesty herself derived from a marriage of inclination, while, at the same time, the public of the period should be gratified at witnessing the rare and exceptional spectacle of a wedding between a British princess and a British subject. If we do not err, no such marriage has occurred since that of James the Second and the daughter of Chancellor Hyde, themorganatic marriage of George the Fourth when Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert never having been legally recognized. It is not impossible that the marriage of a daughter of Queen Victoria and a son of the Duke of Argyll may eventually prove to have been the fine edge of the entering wedge that shall split asunder the old rigid conventionalities which have hitherto prevented intermarriage between the royal family of Great Britain and the families of the British people. In Scotland at least, and all over the kingdom, a stronger loyalty may be revived by this almost unprecedented union. The stupid laws which prohibit intermarriage between members of the royal family and British subjects, and which condemned several daughters of George the Third to enforced single blessedness with all its possible evil consequences, may now be regarded as virtually repealed. The Marquis of Lorne, the expectant bridegroom of Princess Louise, made an extensive tour, a few years ago, throughout the United States. The son of a learned and pious father, he is not unworthy of the great house to which he belongs, being himself a signal exception to the reproach of degeneracy which has been too justly urged against the Hastings, the Clintons and the Hamiltons of the younger British aristocracy. A thoughtful mother as well as a wise sovereign, Queen Victoria has chosen well a suitable consort for her daughter, the Princess Louise.

THERE ARE CHANGES and rumors of changes in the Cabinet reported this morning. Secretary Cox has resigned and is to be succeeded by Commissioner Delano. Attorney General Akerman, it is reported, will resign on account of his health, and Senator Williams, of Oregon, will probably succeed him. Changes in Cabinets are very healthy sometimes. They keep the machine from getting rusty and the men from going too much in ruts. But Secretary Cox is a conscientious and high-minded official that can ill be spared, while Mr. Akerman, even in the short time he has held the position of Attorney General, has impressed the country with a sound sense and clear legal knowledge that strongly qualify him for the place.

THE DETECTIVES still pass their valuable time in guessing the Nathan murder riddle. They have been to Europe recently in search of a solution.